La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God graunt me too
Thou maieſt be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, mild, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Ladie *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauie which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beautie from their cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer indure ſweet beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhad thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuenged on him tha ſlew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La.

La. His better doth not breat
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues
La. Name him. *Glo.* E
La. Why what was hee?
Glo. The ſelfeſame name, but
La. Where is hee?
Glo. Heere. *S*
Why doeſt thou ſpit at mee?
La. Would it were mortall p
Glo. Neuer came poyſon fro
La. Neuer hung poyſon on a
Out of my ſight, thou doeſt infe
Glo. Thine eyes ſweete Lade h
La. Would they were Baſilisk
Glo. I would they were, that I
For now they kill me with a liui
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore
I neuer ſued to friends nor ene
My tongue could neuer learne
But now thy beautie is propoſ
My proud heart ſues, and pro
Teach not thy lips ſuch ſcorn
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch
If thy reuengefull heart canno
Loe here I lend thee this ſharp
Which if thou pleaſe to hide i
And let the ſoule forth that ad
I laie it naked to thy deadly ſt
And humbly beg the death vp
Nay, doe not pawſe, twas I tha
But twas thy beauty that pro
Nay now diſpatch, twas I that
But twas thy heauenly face th
Take vp the ſword againe, or
La. Ariſe diſſembler, thoug
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſe
La. I haue alreadie.

B

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